Def. My Lord.

Oth. Get you to bed o'the instant, I will be return'd, forthwith dispatch your Attendant there, —looke it be done. *Exeunt.*

Def. I will my Lord.

Em. How goes it now? he lookes gentler then he did.

Def. He saies he will returne incontinent:
He hath commanded me to goe to bed,
And bade me to dismisse you.

Em. Dismisse me?

Def. It was his bidding, therefore good *Emillia*,
Giue me my nightly wearing, and adieu,
VVe must not now displease him.

Em. VVould you had neuer seene him.

Def. So would not I, my loue doth so approue him,
That euen his stubbornenesse, his checks and frownes,
(Prethee vnpin me) haue grace and fauour in them.

Em. I haue laied those sheets you bad me on the bed.

De. All's one, good father; how foolish are our minds;
If I doe die before thee, prethee shrowd me
In one of those same sheets.

Em. Come, come, you talke.

Def. My mother had a maid cal'd *Barbary*,
She was in loue, and he she lou'd prou'd mad,
And did forsake her, she had a song of willow,
An old thing t'was, but it expreſt her fortune,
And she died singing it, that song to night
VVill not goe from my mind:
I haue much to doe;
But to goe hang my head all at one side, and sing it like poore *Barbary*; prethee dispatch.

Em. Shall I goe fetch your night-gowne?

Def. No, vnpin me heere.
This *Ledouico* is a proper man.

Em. A very handsome man.

Def. He speakes well.

Em. I know a Lady in *Venice*, would haue walk'd barefooted to *Palestine*, for a touch of his neither lip.

Def-

Desdemona *sings.*

The poore soule sate sighing by a sicamour tree,
sing all a green willow,
Her hand on her bosome, her head on her knee,
sing willow willow, willow;
The fresh streames ran by her, and murmur'd her moanes,
sing willow, willow, willow,
Her salt teares fell from her, which softned the stones,
sing willow, &c. (Lay by these.)
willow, willow.

(Prethee hie thee, he'le come anon.)
Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

Let nobody blame him, his scorne I approue:
(Nay, that's not next: harke, who's that knocks?)

Em. T'is the winde.

Des. *I call'd my loue false, but what sayd he then?*
sing willow, willow, willow,
If I court mo women, youle couch with mo men.

So, get thee gon, good night, mine eyes doe itch,
Does that boade weeping?

Em. Tis neither here nor there.

Def. I haue heard it saide so: O these men, these men:
Dost thou in conscience thinke (tell me *Emillia,*)
That there be women doe abuse their husbands
In such grosse kindes?

Em. There be some such, no question.

Def. Wouldst thou doe such a thing, for all the world?

Em. Why, would not you?

Def. No by this heauenly light.

Em. Nor I neither, by this heauenly light,
I might as well doe it in the darke.

Def. Wouldst thou doe such a deed, for all the world?

Em. The world is a huge thing, it is a great price,
For a small vice.

Def. In troth I thinke thou wouldst not.

Em. In troth I thinke I should, and vndo't when I had done it,

mary

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